

Raid of the Five Horn

The mighty canyon walls muffled the cries and screams of the people. Many families along with my own brother and sister ran for their lives. This peaceful canyon of only laughing and whispering winds was now filled with cries of fear and pain. Sitting on top of a long cedar pole at the center of the terror was the Five Horn Devil Mask, symbol of the Bear Clan, the fiercest of all the clans who lived below the Sacred Mountain.

The painted face of the Five Horned Devil Mask showed a mouth full of arrowhead size teeth that circled around the entire head of the Five Horned Devil. The people believed this to mean that the Bear Clan had appetites for evil that could not be satisfied. From the top of his head there were five large white horns with whiskers on the ends, meaning that there was no escape or hiding from the wrath of the Bear Clan. The evil Five Horned Devil Kachina always demanded blood not rain. The huge nose of the Five Horn could smell out a victim from great distances away. The Five Horn had rectangular eyes with the black waves of death in them. These death waves were surrounded by the white waves of endless time. The Five Horn's two small blue ears were placed high on the sides of his forehead as a sign that he had the hearing of the fox. But the most deadly of the powers of this evil force was represented by a small blue square between the eyes of the Five Horn and a much larger blue circle located in the center of the evil one's forehead. Both of the blue markings, the bigger of which had the red rays of the sun coming from it, are to provide vision to the evil ones while the people's vision is blinded in the cover of darkness. So be it day or night there is no escape from the followers of the Five Horn Devil once they have decided to take you.

Unknown to us the raiding party of the Five Horn Devil group of apostates, from the Bear Clan, had just spilled the blood of the Blue Throat on the walls and floor of our canyon homes. Even as we sat in the circle of love with our Grandfather, little did we know that death was racing toward us. There high on top of the Mesa above our canyon homes the three of us sat with Grandfather, the spiritual leader of the Blue Throat Clan. This special clearing in the Cedar covered Mesa was a sacred place to him. The opening in the Cedars reached out to where the canyon walls meet the sky. From this place we could see across the wide canyon of Walnuts and Sweet Agave, which we called home. The Sacred Mountain of the spirits rose up high into the sky just behind us. A great flat stone outcropping jutted from the edge of the Mesa into the canyon forming a wall of sheer stone cliff dropping off into the canyon. He always brought us here to where earth meets sky to teach us the ways of the people. This was his teaching place.

According to Grandfather, with the smell of the sweet pines in your nose, with the winds in your hair, and the sky touching your face it is always easier to learn and become one with the Great Spirit. So it was on this fateful day that the Eldest of the Elders of the Blue Throat Clan began his teachings. This day of destiny had begun like any other with Grandfather sitting in the circle with us chanting a prayer. In the distance, patches of snow still lingered on the Sacred Mountain Peaks reminding us that Winter is slow to leave the high country. What would be our teachings today? Would he teach about the

death that Winter had brought or about the renewal that comes with the warmth of Spring?

With fear that Grandfather, the Great Stone Tongue, would repeat a story that we had heard many times before our youngest brother Rock Painter called out to Grandfather, "Great Seer, tell us a story about the people before they came to earth." Then our sister Chirping Bird said, "Grandfather, tell us of our journey from the land of the sky people to the top of the Sacred Mountain." It was silent for a long time and Grandfather liked the silence because it helped to get us more in tune with the spirit. Then looking directly at me he called my name, "Water Dancer, what are you thinking this day?" "Grandfather, is it not true that the people are a people of peace?" In a moment he spoke. "You know this is true. So why do you question what you know to be true?"

"Because, we have come to you to learn. I question why the people of peace were at war in the heavens before time began and have fallen to this state. Grandfather, we know that you speak only the words of truth that stand forever firm and strong like the stone cliffs of our canyon."

With that Stone Tongue rose to a standing position and while lifting his arms and hands skyward and began a prayer chant that he repeated and then he asked that we repeat it with him. He began this story with a question as he pointed to the sky above us. "Why do the White Cloud spirits seem to drift aimlessly and if as if at peace across the blue skies? Is it to surprise the sunray spirits and take them captive inside the peaceful clouds? Look across the canyon and see the dark shadows that move over our canyon. The captured sunrays have strayed into the deceitful white clouds of peace and now their countenance has changed from light to darkness."

The Great Seer went on to say, "Most of the time the Sun and the White Cloud spirits just play this teasing game together of the clouds damming up the sunrays. Often the sunray spirits become angry at the cloud spirits because they are held captive too long. Sometimes they band together and jump back into the heavens causing the White Clouds to disappear and a great darkness to fill the skies. When this disputation begins it is then that the forces in the heavens collide. As the battle in the heavens rage darkness fills the sky with loud claps of thunder and lighting. It is always a battle of light versus darkness. So it was with the people as we walked the many pathways in the sky and the void of space seeking the path of happiness."

Stone Tongue continued: Before time began the people were spirits in the void of space. There was a council among the sky people in which all the Clans came together to discuss the future. The Great Spirit of the People spoke first and asked for valiant spirits of faith to follow him into a world of trials and tribulations where each of the people would be tested in order to achieve happiness. The second to speak in this council was the Evil One, the Spirit of the Darkness, Chief of the Devils he promised happiness to all the people who would follow him. He promised no trials, no test of faith, and all he asked was for the people to pay homage to him and him only. With the Devil all selfish

desires of the people would be granted no matter what the cost to self and others. This was the beginning of the conflict in heaven.

After this great meeting in the heavens the followers of The Great Spirit in their endless search for happiness and peace looked down to see that there was a great water below them in the void of space. As they prayed to the Great Spirit of both heaven and earth in a vision it was revealed to them that the vast water covered most of this place we call earth but it would be a good place for the people to find happiness. So under his direction the majority of the spirits in heaven took their first leap of faith by following the Great Spirit to earth. Each of the spirits of the people fell from the sky and landed in the waters of the Seas. As each spirit came out of the water they were no more spiritual in body but each had a new body of flesh and bones. Large Whales from the Sea appeared and took all the people on their backs to the Sacred Mountain tops where we first lived as the Sea shrank to reveal the cliffs of our canyon homes.

As the Devil and his following of spirits chased after the people to do battle with them they came to the edge of the sky but lacking faith they would not jump to earth. So the Evil One with his Devil Dogs forced his followers to earth by throwing them out of heaven. Then he and his Devil Dogs jumped to Earth. A strange thing happened as the Evil One and his followers came out of the waters of the Sea. They did not receive a body of flesh and bones. It was their fate to wander the Earth for eternity as lost spirits.

Before Grandfather could get the next word out of his mouth, there low in the sky below the White Clouds were alarming signals of clouds of smoke rising up from our canyon homes to warn the people of danger and calling us to gather at our homes. Within only a few moments the silence of the Cedars was broken as we saw the Mask of the Five Horn as if floating in the air above the Cedars. The raid by the feared Bear Clan had been swift. Our hope was that it had not been successful. We prepared to defend ourselves.